

CURVATURE OF THE SPINE CURED BY THE BICYCLE.

Astonishing Results Achieved by Dr. Killiani, of New York, with a Medical Bicycle with Sliding Saddle and Twisted Handle Bars.

Dr. Otto Killiani, instructor of clinical surgery in the Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital of New York, has invented the most remarkable bicycle in the world. It costs more than any other machine in the market. It weighs more, it never moves from a corner of his consulting room, it is as curiously distorted as if it had been struck by lightning, and it is intended for people who do their bicycling without any clothes on.

This description would not make an attractive page in the catalogue of a bicycle manufacturer. But Dr. Killiani's wheel

will do as much good to every one who rides it as it has to the few patients he has already treated. It will be more valuable than the speediest sextuplet that ever was built.

The Killiani bicycle is mounted on a home-training machine so that the patient who mounts it does not stir from the Doctor's office, and the seat and handle bars are so arranged that the rider cannot only be made to stoop or sit erect, or lean back at will, but that all the bones in the trunk of the body may be thrown into any desired position by dropping or raising either hand-grip; setting it forward or backward and bringing it nearer to the frame of the machine or setting it further out.

The Killiani bicycle is intended for the treatment of curvature of the spine.

When one hears this disease mentioned one thinks immediately of a humped back. But in what is known as scoliosis, or lateral curvature, the spine is bent first to one

side and then to the other, like the line which forms the letter S, and is often twisted at the same time, so that one shoulder is not only higher than the other, but also pushed forward or drawn back. Technically speaking, every one who lives the ordinary civilized life has a slight distortion of the spinal column, for we all use one hand and arm and shoulder more than the other, and the inevitable result is a slight disturbance of the accurate poise of the trunk.

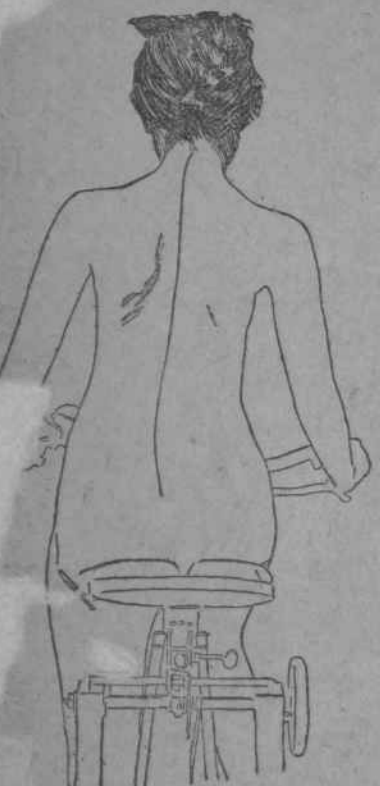
Many different remedies have been used. Irons and braces of all sorts have been applied to the body, producing great pain and inconvenience to the patient, and often doing very little good.

Dr. Killiani reasoned that as almost all children love to ride the bicycle, it would not be difficult to prevail upon a delicate child afflicted with scoliosis to spend half an hour every morning under the surgeon's eye on the bicycle arranged for the rectification of the spine. In this way the spine would not only be untwisted and straightened, but the child's muscles would be hardened in the proper attitude. The illustrations, which are from photographs taken by Dr. Killiani, and reproduced in yesterday's Medical Record, show how this new treatment is applied. The child's back is uncovered, in order that the surgeon may constantly observe the play of the muscles and the movement of the vertebrae, the hands of the patient being separated, raised or lowered, spread or approached, extended or drawn in toward the body. The spine

and the ribs are as precisely controlled as if the surgeon had a hundred hands, and each of these hands were grasping the various bones and joints which need to be drawn to the new position. The saddle of the bicycle is so arranged that either one side or the other of the seat may be raised so as to effect a curvature of the lower vertebrae. After a child has been treated for a short time at a doctor's office, a bicycle with a handle bar modified in accordance with the surgeon's prescription can be mounted on a home-training machine at the child's house, and week after week the artificiality of the position gradually modified until the child can ride out of doors upon a machine of which the handle bars do not so greatly differ from the ordinary standard as to attract attention.

To have one hand even three or four inches lower and further forward and out to one side makes an extraordinary difference in

the position of the shoulders, and physicians who have read Dr. Killiani's communication to the Medical Record are most favorably impressed by his proposition. A home trainer is not at all an expensive apparatus, and, although the machine which Dr. Killiani has had constructed for his own use is elaborately arranged for all possible deviations from the normal position, a common pair of handle bars can be easily altered, so as to fit all requirements of any one child. The bar must, of course, be divided in the middle and each side be held fast by a separate nut.



Upton's model, with perfect spine, position Killiani bicycle to show how artificial position exerts traction and torsion on

CTURING A THOUGHT.

Latest Scientific Under Photographs Show Your Brain at Work.

the aid of a new instrument—the micrograph—Professor J. Allison

of a Richmond, Va., medical college, is about to photograph thought. A thoroughly material thing which we have been told to do. He is a man. Excepting Victor Horsely, and Dr. William W. Keen, of the Medical College of Philadelphia, who has removed more thumb and wrist centers from the brain relief of epileptic attacks than any surgeon in the world.

As already, as a step toward his undertaking, trephined a dead brain, for focussing sunlight or a search of one of the cells in the surface of the brain, has examined this cell and found it with the photo-micrograph.

Professor Allison's photograph of the nucleus, the nucleus and "germ plasma" of Weissmann and Bury, and generated by histologists the world

up the climax of experimentation is now coming about for some other person, who will for the first time, to carry on, will have recovered from the anesthetic, some species of the hole in the skull is still

Binet, of Paris, contends that the thought is thrown up in all just as it is in the visual retina. Professor Hodges is in this theory, and when he

graph of a "thinking brain" is the photograph to be a thought. The photograph, with which Dr. Hodges is thus taking material to the power of thought, and stamp so it can be printed in one of the most important of recent years.

Dr. Hodges has been made an instrument which should photograph at the same time. The photograph, which is a combination of the two powers, and places them

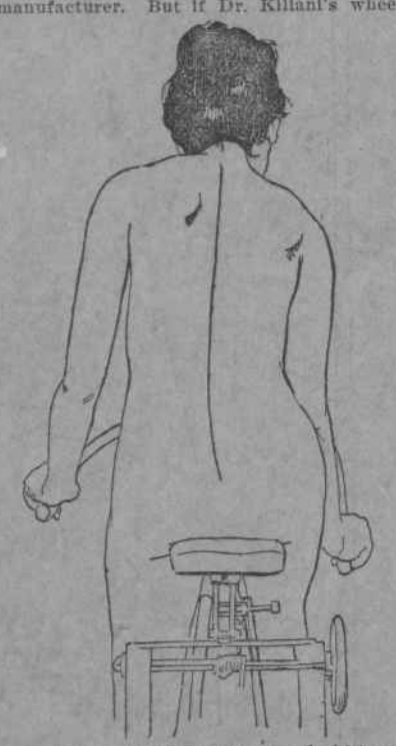
Mr. Allison is the manager of the microscope. He has been for many years the secretary of the American Microscopical Society and microscopist of official rank to the Bellevue Medical College.

Dr. Hodges' photograph will carry any object; that is, an objective of any mode of magnification. Of course, the power of the objective, the object must be "eye" to the object, and the eye of the object must be used, and the eye of the object must be used, and the eye of the object must be used.

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Typical scoliotic patient, aged thirteen, standing at ease, showing "S" curves and corkscrew twist of spine.

FASHION RIDES IN CORACLES.

This Is the Queerest Fad Indorsed by England's Swell Set in Very Many Years.

Last year the coracle became fashionable in certain swell English circles, and this season it is working its way into favor among all classes in this country.

This is not a new boat, but a distinct revival of one of the most ancient forms of craft. The early Britons invented and used the coracle for a general fishing and sporting purpose, and it has never totally disappeared from the waters of the Dee and Severn, although in the last year or two it has multiplied rapidly in numbers. For whipping a trout stream or pond there is no better, or more useful craft invented by man. It is the only really portable boat for the fisherman and gunner, and it is to this fact that its lasting popularity is due.

The coracle was originally made of rude wickerwork, covered with the skin of some wild animal, but since wild animals became scarce rough sackcloth thickly coated with tar has largely replaced the rough skin. The whole weight of the boat is thus so small that any man can strap it on his back and carry it across country from one stream to another. The demand for the coracle among expert fishermen has brought into existence a superior boat in which the old willow frame is replaced by one of light lath, and painted canvas takes the place of the tarred canvas. The cost of building such a boat is very little, adding another important factor to its general popularity.

The shape of the coracle resembles no other craft ever floated on the water, and its nearest resemblance is the inverted half of a walnut shell. In fact, tradition has it that the half of a walnut shell was the pattern the early Britons used for modeling their coracles, and so well is the shape preserved to-day that even the modern inventions follow the general outlines. When the fisherman wants to move across country he lifts it across his shoulders, where a strap attached to the seat secures it in position. Then the paddle is fastened across his back so that the bottom of the boat will rest upon it and not hit his legs. In this fashion he can walk five miles or so without any special fatigue.

The management of the coracle, however, is another thing, and the beginner finds it more tricky than the bicycle. It has an uncommonly familiar way of sliding out from under one, or of tipping over on one side, and requires considerable practice to balance it properly. It is what fishermen call a terrible "bucker," which means in ordinary parlance porting company with the occupant. The "bucking" takes place when the man tries to get in or out of the boat. It is so light and flat-bottomed that it slides away from one with the slightest shove. But when one has finally mastered the boat it is the safest craft afloat for fishing. One can fish with a pole from the coracle in almost any kind of a stream.

The manner of making the coracle move is almost as unique and peculiar as its shape. The stroke with the paddle is different from rowing, paddling or sculling. It has been wittily described as "sculling reversed." The navigator faces his work, but with his back to the prow of the boat. And then by a series of semicircular movements of the paddle he propels the boat forward.

Another way is to face in the direction the boat is going and describe the same peculiar semicircles in the water with a constant pulling of the blade toward one. In this way the boat glides swiftly through the water. It takes some little time to acquire the peculiar stroke, but after it is mastered it is the most effective and easy thing in the world. A beginner is always sure to make the boat spin around and around like a top, for a very slight extra

Same patient seated on common bicycle; deformity accentuated by sedentary relaxation of muscles.

HER SIGHT RESTORED.

From San Francisco comes an extraordinary story of a woman who, after being totally blind for thirty-six years, opened her eyes and identified her friends and children before her death. She was Mrs. Phoebe J. Clymer.

In 1860 she lost her eyesight, neuralgia of the optic nerve causing total blindness. She has not even been able to distinguish between light and darkness. A great deal of money was spent in trying to restore her sight, but without result.

Her children cared for her tenderly during all of her years of blindness. Most of her time was spent with her daughter, Mrs. Edna Ironmonger, of East Oakland.

Some months ago Mr. Ironmonger took charge of a Summer resort near Martinez, Contra Costa County, and he took Mrs. Clymer there with his family. Three weeks ago Mrs. Clymer began to fall in health and her physician reported that she did not have long to live. She asked that she be taken to her East Oakland home, that she might die in her own room, and her request was complied with.

She was growing weaker, not from sickness, but from old age. A daughter of Mrs. Haynie was standing by her side when she noticed her mother open her eyelids. She also noticed that the white film that formerly clouded the eye was gone.

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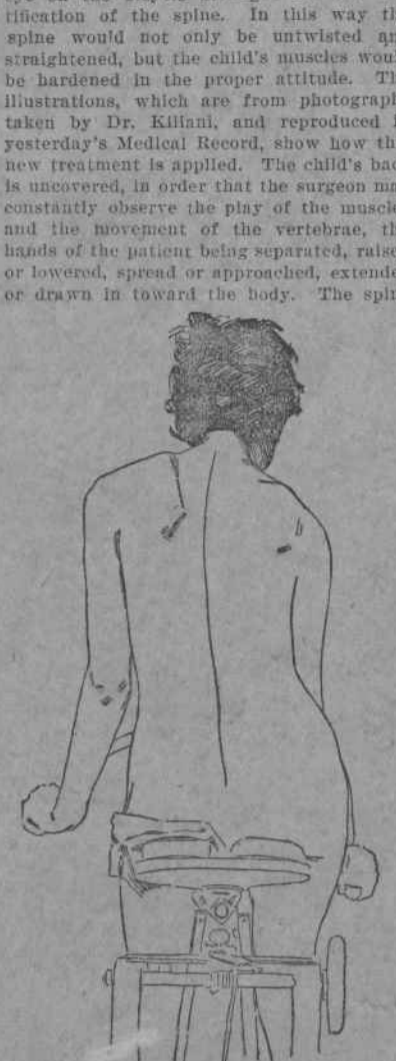
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Same patient on Killiani's modified bicycle, with left pedal raised, showing how specially disposed handle bars "draw" the shoulders.

"Why, mother!" she exclaimed, "can you see me?"

Mrs. Haynie took a light from the table and called to her sister and her husband. She held the light near her mother's face and asked:

"Can you see the light, mother?" "Yes, I can see it plainly," said the mother. "Yes, I can see it plainly," said the mother. "Yes, I can see it plainly," said the mother.

"Why this is Puss," she said, taking the hand of Mrs. Ironmonger; "and this is Belle," she said, taking the hand of Mrs. Haynie. "I can see you all. I have been given my sight after all these years in order to bid you good-by."

That evening they all talked together when, for the first time in thirty-six years, the old lady was able to see her children. The next day she became unconscious and died.

"Our mother was able to see us just before her death," said Mrs. Ironmonger. "There is no question about her having seen us, for she told us that she could see us all, and she looked from one to the other continually."

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ENGLISHMEN WITH TAILS.

It is a sober fact that down to the end of the Middle Ages, and even later, among the ignorant it was believed in many countries that Englishmen had long tails like those of panthers. This belief was particularly prevalent in Scotland and in France. A learned Scotch archaeologist, Mr. George Nelson, has just published a book on the subject, under the title of "Caudatus Angli."

The old English romance, Layamon, in 1205, says "the whole race was disgraced, for muzzles (tails) they had, and in all companies men called them muzzles."

In the Crusades, by 1190, the very Greeks regarded Richard Lionheart and his men as tailed, caudati. The Emperor of Cyprus, in one romance, exclaims:

"Now go and say to your tailed king That I owe him noe thing."

John Major, the teacher of John Knox, in his writings takes occasion to question the truth of the tall legend. One of the latest assertions of it is in 1610, when Jean Hordal, a descendant in the female line of the brother of Jeanne d'Arc, wrote many letters to his kinsmen about their genealogy. In one he speaks of the English as notoriously "tailed," and adds that they are, no less notoriously, the lineal descendants of Judas Iscariot.

No admission fee is charged, and the sightseer may gaze as long as he likes at the remarkable collection. It is hurting the circus business in the town it is passing through, and has wrecked county fairs. For the first time in their lives the farmers in the less favored sections see peaches as big as buckets and grapes weighing fifteen pounds to the bunch.

The interior of the car is a revelation. You pass through the vestibule entrance and in a moment are transferred from a farming district into an up-to-date museum. Every bit of wood used in its building is from the forests of the Western States through which it is travelling. All of the silver and brass trimmings throughout are the production of that section, and it was put together by Western mechanics.

The floor and ceiling are highly polished and the sides are lined with long glass cases containing the specimens. In them is thirty-eight feet high, with an eight-inch head, and stacks of oats six feet in height. There is sweet corn so large that you believe it is wax, and buckwheat, wax beans, field peas and red-top grass of wonderful size. Flax, barley, wheat and black oats are shown in wonderful size, and the remarkable alfalfa, bearing a notice that six crops of the hay can be harvested a year, holds a prominent position. There are quantities of fruit carried on the stem, and pears seven inches in diameter. There is a wonderful collection of mineral and fossil exhibits, comprising all kinds of ores, with pictures showing the methods used in reducing and refining them.

In animal specimens the car is not lacking, and as you enter the door you find yourself nose to nose with a huge mountain deer. It is characteristic of the prairie antelope that when they stop to rest the female lies down while her lord stands guard. Two of these animals are shown in this attitude. The white Rocky Mountain goat reminds you of the picture in the old geography. The caribou deer does sentinel duty at the other end of the car.

No sooner is the approach of the car heard throughout the small towns than business is practically suspended. Farmers come trooping in from miles around, and the neighborhood of the railroad tracks begins to take on a picnic appearance. Big placards posted over the front of the car say in large letters that the exhibition is free, and this in itself makes things lively in its vicinity. The attendants in charge shout out in stentorian tones to the assemblage to come in and see the live lion stuffed with straw, and every man, woman and child sees everything there is to be seen.

Political jokes will fall in a deluge after Tuesday. One of the best is told by the Rogers Brothers, at Pastor's. Says one: "Well, I see by the banner on Broadway that McKinley is elected."

"Nonsense! Banners can't elect people."

"Well, they show which way the wind blows."

Merrily yours, MARSHALL WILDER, New York City Post Office.

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Pedals horizontal, left foot forward, rectification of lower curve in back.

A MUSEUM ON WHEELS.

The Wonders of the West Art Being Advertised in a Way Country Folks Enjoy.

The travelling museum now threatens the circus. And such a museum! worth seeing. That is, while. What is more, no charged, and the ruralists are in no danger of meeting pedants and strangers.

This museum travels in a car—the biggest car that is hauled about over any railroad anywhere.

It is a huge affair, seventy-two feet long and twelve feet wide, divided into all the compartments of a museum and filled with all the wonderful productions of the West. It is in reality a gigantic advertising scheme, originated by a number of wealthy agricultural producers of Northwestern States and the large railroads that pass through that section.

The object of the promoters is to have the car drawn from one town to another, and at each place sidetracked, giving the people ample opportunity to wander through it and see the remarkable things it contains. It is believed, of course, that the numerous specimens of Western agricultural products that it holds will induce the beholders to the conclusion that the West is a wonderful country and a good place to move to. After this object has been obtained the car is to be drawn to another town, and so on until the entire country has been covered.

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Same patient on common bicycle, with pedals in same relative position as in Fig. 2, the two attitudes for comparison.

THE NEW JOKES OF THE WEEK.

What the Funny Men at the Theatres Offer to Make Us Laugh.

Since starting this column in the Sunday Journal I have been besieged with stories and anecdotes sent by mail, messenger and express. Some of the alleged jokes are so antiquated that the original date has been worn off them, and others have seen long and hard service. I feel at times like Eugene Field when he was editing a Western newspaper. Some one sent him a poem entitled, "Why Do I Live?" Field sent back the reply: "Because you sent your verses by mail."

One letter from George Wilkins, however, is really worth quoting. He says four vanees agents recently reached Boston, and all stopped at a hotel. They were W. B. Gross, "Shore Acres;" John Hogarty, "Stroke;" Walter Floyd, "Sib B. Ludlow, Lewis Morris."

The first three registered "B. Gross, Shore Acres;" "Hogarty, Cuba;" "Floyd, Sib."

allow picked up the papers placed at the signature of his companions, then wrote "Hell" after his own name.

A friend told me he was in a Southern courtroom recently when a negro was arraigned for shooting a dog.

"Did the dog bite you?" asked the Justice.

"No, sah."

"Did he try to?"